Diary

Cornwall

1905

Corbie Bay. August 11th 1905.

It was with some feeling of enchantment that we took our places yesterday in the great Western train. This ~~The train~~ was the vessel who was to transport us into another world, almost into another age. We would fain have believed that ~~that~~ their little corner of England had slept under some enchanter's spell since we last set eyes on it ten years ago, & that ~~it would be should find it~~ no break or change had stirred its leaves, or troubled its waters. There too, we should find our past preserved, as though there on that time it had been guarded & treasured for us to come back to, one day - it mattered not how far distant - for claim again. Many were the souvenirs we had left in it spent in it hours; was it not reasonable to believe that ~~somehow~~ as far away we cherished the memory of them, so here on the spot where we left them we should be able to recover something tangible of their substance?

Ah, how strong it was, then, to watch the

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familiar shapes of land & sea unrolled themselves
once more, as though a magician's hand had waved
the curtain that hung between us, ~~& we could now~~
~~forget the story~~ & to us once more than silent
but ~~thoroughly~~ palpable forms, ~~which~~ whose shadows ~~had~~ were
more than they seem'd we had seen only in
dreams, or in the visions of waking hours.
It was dusk when we came, ~~in the dusk we~~
~~scrambled~~ so that there still seemed to be a veil
between us & the reality. We could fancy
that we were but coming home along the high road
after some long day's outing; ~~the darkness~~ & that
when we reached the gate at Tallond House, we
should ~~turn~~ turn it then, & ~~mount the~~
find ourselves among the familiar scenes again.
In the dark, indeed, we made bold to honour this
fancy of ours perhaps more than we had a right to: we
~~pushed~~ passed through the gate, groped stealthily but
with sure feet up the carriage drive, mounted the little
flight of rough steps, & peered through a chink in the
Escalonia hedge. There was the house, with its
two lighted windows; there on the terrace were the
stone vases, against the banks of tall flowers; all, so

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far as we could see way as though we had left
it but in the morning; ~~the same fragrance of~~ but
~~The Spectacle~~ But the set, as we knew well, we
~~could not approach the lake door~~
could go no further; ~~we could have~~ not we might a
~~then at the stormy way window;~~ it ~~was~~ we advanced the spell
~~Gaze on that~~ ~~we keep there~~ like Ghosts no, we
~~was broken. The lights were~~ not our lights; The voices
~~were~~ ~~if we did~~ to the vision would disappear, for
were the voices of strangers
after ~~No, we were but Ghosts~~;
As we stood they in the shade of the hedge, we
might ~~believe~~ that it was within our power to
enter; but ~~all the while~~ We keep there like
Ghosts in the dark shade of the hedge, & at the
& sound of footsteps we turned away.
From the sacred platform of the high road
we beheld the Curve ~~Curved~~ ~~any of the land which~~
~~holds back~~ a bay, ~~full tonight it seemed of~~ we seemed to enclose a great sweep of full bosom at
liquid ~~&~~ rest, ~~&~~ set with silver stars
& we traced the promontory of the island,
& saw the cluster of lights which nestle in it warm
hollow.

The dawn however rose upon that dim twilight
* showed us a country of bright hill sides,
of cliffs tumbling in a cascade of brown rocks
into the sea, * alas, ~~of a lake bound~~ ~~we beheld that sea~~ we saw also
not a few solid white mansions where the heather
used to spring. They have cut a broad ~~road~~
path road too, where we ~~used~~ to stumbled
along a ~~rocky~~ foot path ~~all~~ on the side of the moor,
* there are signs, as A. said. that the whole
place has been tidied up since our day. There are
Peperomias enough, which only strike a very fresh
eye, * in two days time we see only the permanent
outlines of the ~~boulder-strewn~~ moor, * ~~the island~~ * island,
* the changes the place is ~~as it was before~~
subtle in substance * detail unchanged.

Yesterday, for instance, we followed foot paths to
Trencrom, which was, 11 ½ years ago, our punctual
Sunday walk. The * brambles still stretch
across it, the * the granite blocks in the earth
still bring you to your noses. ~~Here~~ At the
far corner we come to the Peacock farm, &
where the dunghill was as large as ever though

there was no successor to ~~also~~ the broad bird of old days. ~~Then~~ So, at every turn of the road, we could anticipate some little characteristic - a wader trough - or a plank over the stream - which had impressed itself miraculously upon our childish minds; & great was our joy when we discovered that that our memory was right. ~~These details~~ To find these ~~little~~ details unchanged, indeed, seem ~~seemed~~ to give us a keener pleasure than ~~wait for~~ to find the ~~old~~ big hills & in their places.

these little

They testified to the scrupulous exactitude of our observation, & proved how ~~scientifically we had~~ accurately we had to known our mistress.

Also it was clear that where such little details were untouched we should find no larger change. Indeed every step of our walk might have been taken eleven years ago, & we should have found nothing to surprise our eyes. On the top of Iven Crom indeed, I was considerably surprised to see how large a view of the surrounding country was unfolded; moreover I had no notion that from this point not for can see both sides of the coast

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at once; Hayle Harbour on the North, St Michael's
Mount on the South; & all the long stretch of bay which
~~the long stretch of the Lizard~~ ~~was~~ ends in the Lizard point. But
as these features of the landscape have not changed in
eleven years, or in eleven hundred, the omission
change must be in my point of view & not in the
~~was~~ main outlines of the earth.

Monday 14th Aug:

Today we did what we have long promised ourselves
to do on the first opportunity, that is we hired a
fishing boat & went for a sail in the bay.
But the sea was so calm that great stretches
of it had a dull surface, & our sail made no
attempt to move lift the boat. Our boatman
had to take to his oars & for amusement we lay
back & watched the ~~the~~ tawny sail flapping against
the sky, & ~~the boatman crept & so when~~
tried to make the man fisherman discourse of the sea
He was induced to tell us how last winter, he
had been capsized in his herring boat; how
he had been rescued as by a miracle, as he
clung to the keel; how he would be off on the

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same tail next month; & how he would mene one
of the crew of the seine boats which lie waiting
for pilchards in the bay. At this moment
the monotony of our slow progress was relieved by
a sudden exclamation of ~~fore~~ porpoise; & not far
distant we saw a shiny black fin performing what
looked like a series of mariner cart-wheels.
We sailed into the midst of a whole school of these
Gymnasts who ~~emerged~~ / came so near that we
could hear their Gulp for breath before they dived
again. Porpoises remarked the boatman, are
a sign of pilchards to in the bay.
This evening
Indeed we observed two or three long black
boats rowing out to beyond the point; later
we saw the dotted circle of a net lying on the
water between them. This was surprising because
the seine boats seldom take up their places
before September, & rarely there is rarely any
likelihood of a haul before October.
However as circumstances were favourable to an
after dinner walk - to tell the truth our water
supply has failed, & we had to dine at the Hotel,

we strolled up to the little white house at the crest of the hill, where the lower sets with his eye on the water below ready to discover the floating cloud of pilchards. The boats lay directly beneath this point, & a little group of people was was clustered round the lowers seats talking the delightful vernacular of Cornish fisher folk. They talked of "tucking" & "shooting the seine" & interpreted the shouts of the men in the boats, who were trying it seemed, to draw their nets clear of the rocks. Then we looked towards the island, a vague shape, of neutral tints, & saw a light burn suddenly from the point. This was some signal to the boatmen apparently, which was answered by shouts & fresh cries, which floated had a weird sound in the fast falling dusk. The good people chatted of last years haul, & the many ways, & who owned this boat, & who had that; & meanwhile exquisite scents of warm sea-carnation heaths were blown from the wood behind. At last from this point & in the dark is directed a detail ~~is so exquisite a sight that~~; for we see only the promontory shape of the island running out in to sea, & the exquisite curve of the bay. The land has lost its opacity, & seems a vague mist like substance

starred with lights, & circled by a pale &
luminous waters which still ~~keep a~~ mirror the ~~some~~
~~fragment~~ fading light the west.

The other day as it rained A. & I turned from
the main street into the shelter of the Church.
It looked for little more, but we found ourselves
in a ~~fragment~~ fragment but really beautiful old
building, shaped something like a ship, it seemed,
with a ~~dark~~ ceiling of oak, & strong old
carvings wrought in the black timber ~~timber~~ pews
& sceptres. The sound of the sea might be
heard by the congregation & there was something
touching in the thought that generations of
fisher folk had knelt here within the hearing of
its voice & prayed for safety on its waters, & for
prosperity in their ~~work~~ fishing. There is
more of quaintness, perhaps, than of beauty,
as though the ~~ornament~~ worshippers were poor people who
could not afford much more ornament than a slab of
slate when they died. As we passed
out, as we were stopped by some piece of
information volunteered by the caretaker; an elderly

~~Lady~~ ~~six~~ women in black who sat near the door. Suddenly she dropped her professional voice, & asked us if we had ever had friends who lived here.' We answered naturally that we had lived here ourselves for some 13 ~~years~~. Summers; ~~at last~~.

"Oh" She cried & there was what is rare, the thrill of real Emotion in her voice, even on Mr. Stephens "Let me shake you by the hand my dear. Sit ~~down~~ down a moment & talk to me"

We sat, & for some half hour or so, she poured forth her memories, her constant remembrance & gratitude, & her joy to see some of the old family at least, once more "It sets the heart beating in my body" She cried, & wiped ~~a tear that had its source in some deep~~ & away a tear which ~~somehow~~ wept for many sorrows. She had ~~so~~ heard your coming, & had asked every visitor to the church for news of us; even as we came in She was speaking of us or some to a couple of strangers sight seers. She was not, I should guess, a woman of any specially fine ~~fine~~ refinement but it would be hypercritical to not to see that in their instance she was

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feminely & deeply touched. To have left so
deep
~~four~~ an impression on a mind not naturally
sensitive to receive it, so that after Eleven years
~~The mention of a name will bring to her eyes~~ at the thought
~~afterwards the tears will start rise at the memory~~
& ask the
~~seems to her~~ beauty & charity that one recalled
by a name seems to me perhaps the purest
~~fame which~~ & tribute which can be paid to
the nobility of a life which did not seek for
& ~~fame~~ any other fame. The finest book
in the world could not, I think, have brought
~~achieved~~
more expression into the
~~more for that~~ dingy old woman.

And Last as I heard that humble words of the
love that one woman felt for another
~~praise~~ I thought that no acclamation
praise throughout the whole world could be sound
so sweet, or could mean so much.

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It has become the habit for me to spend my
afternoons in solitary tramping. A great
distance of the surrounding country have I
now traversed thus, & the map of the land
becomes soled in my brain. Twice these
walks were taken in the teeth of the heavy
rain storms. I walked, it seemed, toward the
very fount of the torrent, up among the grey
hills. Both times it swept like driving
smoke across the sea, & all the coloured
shapes & colours evaporated. One could
just see the hazy outlines of the hills
which lifted themselves out of the mist, but
the sweep of the bay filled almost instantly
with dense vapours. Off knoll moments
I had to take my bearings, & repeated "A
blinding mist came down & hid the land" &
reflected how easily ~~this~~ I might shove Lucy's
fate. The delight of the country is
that all moods of the air & the earth are
natural, & therefore fit & beautiful. If there

& nothing incongruous about a wet day among
the hills, as there is when decent sheets &
brick holes ~~are exposed to the blaze of no~~
~~are exposed to the shock of an uncivilised~~
~~London breath. Even with water~~ or a storm.
One may fancy even, a storm rejoicing among
these Granite hills when the & wind & rain
~~beat upon them~~
~~tear across them~~, as though they loved the conflict.
But the sunny days give me, after all, a more
spontaneous pleasure. The scents of the heath rise
the budding gorse are sucked out of them by the
heat, & ~~the air becomes luminous with~~ all the
land glows with a mellow August radiance.
The air becomes of a richly luminous quality;
& you see all things through an amber
coloured medium. Up on the hill today
the only sound we heard was the tap tap of the
stone bas breakers as they & chipped the
granite blocks, ~~to the right here the granite~~
& we noticed the curious creamy richness of the
stone pit in which they stood. The sun every now
& then, making it gleam & silver

Today was set apart for us as a day of pilgrimage to certain old St Ives people, who in spite of the ravages of eleven years, still cherish some faithful memory of us. So, at least we were told, though I think we delayed the expedition a little from fear that this might be an exaggeration. That this statement had been exaggerated. The old farmers daughter who used to bring us our chickens to help in the house, the washerwoman who took in our washing, the old man who kept the bathing tents & his wife; these were the people we proposed to visit in their cottages in St Ives.

There was no doubt, at any rate that Jinny Bennetts, as she was, did cordially remember & welcome us. It was a pleasure to see the brown respectful face of the woman behind the counter in the Eating shop flash slow with sudden recognition when we spoke our names. We were made to sit down, & listen and hear how we had changed, or had remained the same; whom we were like & whom we

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in no way resembled, how we climbed the
trees in the garden, & how ~~we~~ in short, we were
much as other children are, left to their women at
least, remarkable in all we did & said.
Mrs. Daniels the same story was repeated: as
of possible other greeting was more hearty.
She kissed, mark ~~held~~ prep us over hands fast, & took
close in our faces by the light. If one had
changed she would have known the other "anywhere".
~~we were not like~~, we were like, we were
familiar; we were, at bygrade, the old family
come back again, & that seemed a joy that
could hardly be put into words. We
all kinds of trivial half forgotten memories revived
& we did our share of questions, & anecdote:
it was asserted that there was no place like Ipres,
& that we had from never forgotten its washerwomen.
Indeed, we were not guilty of insincerity:
the portrait had been lying unexposed in some dim
corner of our brains, & at the first sight of her
face the old pictures become clear again, & with
it a multitude of slighter impressions which seemed
to cluster round it. I could see her once more

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tramping up the drive with her basket of clean clothes, leaning away from her burden, & ready to ~~stop to~~ put it down & talk if you hurriedly if we stopped her. She married the first Squint Eyed Carpenter, who might be seen on the flat roof of the grape house, filling the crannies with putty. Luckily I did not insist that ~~he was her son or her brother~~: His temper had grown no sweeter though her [illegible] came in a shock as by the hand at his wife's bidding. "John, she remarked is as old fashioned as ever" ~~Then we~~ We left, luckily, before I had divulged the fact that I took him for her brother: the doubt whether he might not, after all, be her son, kept me silent. Eleven years have had the effect in stoves as in other places, of deepening wrinkles, & leaving bleaching the brown hair white, but they have also had the strange property of uniting the people whom we thought old even in them, in marriage. It seems to be a deliberate action among the poor here, as though it were a step that recommended itself as a precaution against old

age. Jinny Bennican, however, was ~~ill advised~~
~~in her~~ too hasty ~~of~~ seems, even in her long
deferred marriage, for after a wedded life of nine
days she left her husband. & though they met in
the road they have never spoken to each other
since. ~~And they have been neighbs~~

~~There is a curious little~~ The man was married
a woman
before to ~~Jinny's great friend~~, who on her death bed
required of her husband that he should take as his second
~~marry~~ Jinny. wife.
There is a curious little plot, or rather psychological
study for a novelist.
We went on next to the Pascoes who still live in
one of those delightful cottages beneath the apple trees
on the steep hill leading from the beach.
We walked along the narrow cobble stoned passage
which leads to through their ~~x~~ door door, & in the
~~darkness~~ the shade of the creepers the old
people within did not immediately recognise us
& had the usual moment of uncomfortable
hesitation, & then the hearty explosion, which by
this time was not unexpected.
~~We had grown to Expect.~~
The old couple had sensibly diminished in
size during these eleven years, they were sitting

over their tea, & a fire in the grate, & a good loaf of bread before them. All the chairs were at our disposal, & while one received the torrent of Mrs. Parlees greeting, two others went through the old story with Mrs. Pascoe. The men, for the most part, have a less lively recollection of us than the women; they, probably, came more seldom into direct speech with us, & they have fewer reminders of ~~help & Embarrassment to Mr. Parlee.~~ Mrs. Parlee however was an exception: & besides they we had to hear how since we were there, the beach had steadily

Mrs. Parlee however had taken a lively interest in our bathing: she was anxious to tell us the melancholy dwelling of St Ives bathing since our day: how the tents are now on wheels, & owned by one man "a very selfish fellow"; how the working classes bathe, where only people of good family were wont to use that privilege: their, complicated with some mysterious story of ladies who wished him to help them on with their bathing dresses; (of which unlikely I know) had made it necessary

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for him to refine; which ~~naturally hastened the~~
as we made haste to end, must have farther
hastened the melancholy state of things which we had
observed on the beach.

Mr. Pasco, further, had had influenza two years ago;
& wore his throat bound up in a red rag. It is
not necessary here to give the details; but ~~I~~
~~only~~ " it ~~is safe to~~ I wish only say that his words
that "Caustic is poison for femours"

He had moreover, like others whom we visited,
read his papers diligently for Eleven years with an
Eye for the name of Stephens; & was thus well
versed
clear in the facts of our history. Though
~~that G. lately~~ he suspected the papers must have lied in some
particulars, as his Eyes cannot be as good as they were
once. Then he knew that G. was married, but suspected
that he was still living at Chadwick; he was
also of opinion that since his appointment as
private Secretary he had gone to China.
China, I remember, was one of the places which
Mr. Pasco had seen himself, when he was in the
Navy.

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Mrs. Pares was, I may confess it here, chiefly memorable for some trouble in her 'pipes'; about which we used to enquire. She is now a little stiv shrivelled woman, with a white hatted face, & very bright eyes. She had talked of us a hundred times in the last week, she had assured us; & in her intense ~~Excitement~~ interest at seeing us was really a little embarrassing. She was mistress of so many forgotten details that her computation of the number of thoughts she had spent on us in a week time, ~~seems~~ was probably no over statement. One can imagine that, mewed up in the corner of the dark little room, ~~her thoughts might find~~ without book or work, her thoughts must feed on slight food. "I can believe that I see you there in before me in the flesh" was a phrase that returned, as though some persistent phantom had at last taken shape. At the news that G. was coming here next week, she for gave up her attempt to wrestle with the English language, & covered her face with her hands. A more calmer mood followed this excitement, & she enquired into every circumstance of our lives minutely.

~~Our~~ ~~Our conversation became~~ She had followed our fortunes without dropping the least link in the chain of evidence available to her; but our attention to the vicissitudes ~~subject~~ of the Pasco family was ~~not unfortunately so close~~. was by no means of so fine a quality. We cheerfully ~~professe~~ remembered a daughter, when she was named but our imaginations ~~refused~~ refused to supply us with ~~the details~~ one recollection of Mrs. Pascoes missing Husband; who was responsible for the black dress to which our attention was directed. Mrs did we acquit ourselves very creditably when we ~~were~~ when the family history of the Whiteheads was recounted for our benefit. Miss Whitehead, I can at least remember, is now on the Continent, recovering from a severe Chill in her legs.

Mrs. Pasco drew a ~~light~~ ~~melancholy~~ melancholy sigh of self importance, & began to enumerate the many troubles which had visited her of late We hastily remembered that we were late long. already. The catalogue threatened to be Exhausting. Mrs Pasco had meanwhile presented us had already stayed two

Each with little bouquets which he had picked

from his Garden. & offered to "pilot us", if
I may have my joke" to his daughters house.

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The outline of Arran Bay suggests that nature
has a certain premeditated felicity on
occasion; which Shelter can appeals to one with
a peculiar force when she thus appears to
fashion her material consciously.
The fine sweep impetuous sweep of the
large bay, curving round so that it half
Completes the circle, as though seems form one
an impression of beautifully curbed vitality;
Again the in hollowing the three smaller
bays in their flank & the large one
must, one would think, have had an ego to the
fair proportion of the whole. They do not
interfere with the single large impression of the whole;
but they give it a but they add something
original, & unexpected. She seems to have perfect facility
in describing these spirited & graceful lines.
The curve of the bay, Lelant Bay, makes is in some
respects the most fine the loveliest of the
three. It is the makes the rounded corner of the
large Bay; but at the sweep of white sand is
intersected before the by the Hayle River,
which leads draws a blue line down to the sea

At low tide ~~this~~ the ~~stream~~ Colour of the Stream is marked by certain Stakes, ~~Driven~~ Driven in ~~which show~~ at irregular intervals. They ~~lend~~ Lend, ~~for some reason~~, a ~~curiously~~ desolate aspect to ~~the~~ Curiously ~~black~~ bare & desolate, ~~as though the~~ for some reason a perch for whole sea birds & add ~~that final~~ Where the distinct note, which it seems, of the ~~whole~~ Silent bay. At ebb tide in the evening ~~especially, this~~ day the Sketch of the Sands of here is vast & melancholy; the ~~sea spreads~~ waves spread themselves in their one overlapping the other in their fan shaped layers of water; so shallow that the break of the wave is hardly more than a ripple. The slope of the beach is ~~sheen~~ seen as though laid with a film of ~~is as though a~~ mother o'pearl ~~glistening~~ where the sea has been, & a row of sea gulls sit on the skirt of the receding water. The pallor of the sand hills ~~adds to the~~ makes the scene set more ghostly, but the most beautiful sights are often melancholy. & very lonely.

I thought today on my solitary walk on the scarcity of good roads in Cornwall. In the South you find them very difficult to escape from the road. Broad & ~~level~~ smoothly hammered they drive across the Country at all angles. Even the lesser paths are workmanlike & strike directly to their ~~destination~~ destination. We have here our high Road, which however bears such marks of peculiarity that it would be accounted a long in Somersetshire. Once you step aside for ~~find~~ find yourself entangled in narrow little footpaths, as thin as though trodden by rabbits, which lead to ~~through fields~~ over hills, through over fields, fields in all directions. The Cornish substitute for a gate is simple; in building a wall of granite blocks they let two or three just out at convenient intervals so as to form steps; you often find these arranged beside a gate which is heavily padlocked, as though the former winked with one eye at the trespasser. The system however has its advantages for the natives, or for any who acquainted with the lie of the

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country; it keeps the cord fluid, as it were;
so that the foot may trace new paths in it at
their will; but the stranger must often be perplexed
for any system of regular high roads.
The secondary roads, moreover, besides are not
only in a badly preserved, but they sometimes
lead after starting out bravely enough they dwindle
off into a track across the heather. The
pedestrian then should sketch his path with a
free hand, & trust that he will find some little
trodden lines to guide him; for the coves of
tramps he need not strike the road.
There are very few villages in this country.
The little hamlets of Chesters & Gray farms which
gather among the hills set their own connect
themselves with the main road by some roughly
marked roadway of their own, leading directly into
the farm yard. A traveller who follows the
track finds himself at the end of half a mile or so
confronted by a Scotch sheep dog, & a sour looking
female who is scouring the milk pails.
& resents the intrusion. But for the
today walker who prefers the variety & incident of the

open fields to the orthodox precision of the high road, there is no such ground for walking as this.

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It was more, perhaps, to fulfil a tradition than for the sake of any actual pleasure that was I ~~with other mature tastes, expected~~, took the train into St Ives ~~today~~ this afternoon ~~at the day~~ of the Regatta. I, if not to be confessed secretly at any rate, expected some present & not merely retrospective enjoyment from the Crowd, the Gay flags & the jolted trumpets of the band. This was the scene I remembered; ~~the beach crowded with holiday~~ ~~the Malakoff~~ merely joyful & festive, ~~although the swimming & the sailing~~ without reference to the swimming or the sailing which we went pretended to watch there. I remembered the Crowd & little boats, the ~~flags~~ floating flags along the Course, & the Committee boat, dressed with lines of bunting, from which ~~the sailors~~ the naked figures plunged, & guns were fired. At certain distant ~~intervals~~ lull & drowsy blare of trumpets, were conferred to each other never failed when ever we were near it to bring back suggest St Ives Regatta day. as does such ~~blue~~ bright afternoon as this. We listen

from the beach, safe in Nurses hand again.
The band was playing on the Malakoff, now
as then; on close inspection we this saw that
a venerable Clergyman waived the Conductors
staff, although the music that issued from the
issued from his head was certainly not heard in
religious. Some poor ~~fe~~ pastor, he is probably.
Two or three little booths for the sale of sweets
& cakes lined the terrace, & the whole population
of St Ives paraded ~~to~~ up & down in their
best best clothes & Greens.
There was the Committee boat. & the little rowing
boats, & the flags on the water, & the swimmers
poised ~~on a plank, & the~~ for a moment
upon the gun sent them shooting into the
sea water, & then ~~hems of voices~~. general stir of
talk & movement. Reduce it all to a
French impressionist picture, & the St Ives
Regatta ~~for~~ is not a regatta to be despised.

There are rough notes to serve as landmarks.
At nine this morning, we sat over our
breakfast despondently. The mist
is to spoil our expedition to Mallaig.
Suddenly S. threw up the window &
shouted "pilchards in the bay"
We laughed as though we were in the
secret joke ourselves, & hoped half-past
nine we were out by the skerries
house on the point. It was a fine
obvious thing. The news was
more than true. Not only were there
pilchards but the nets were already
out, lying like dark scars in the
water in the bay. The gathering of the
skewers was not large as yet, but it was
eminently professional. A line of
watchers stood on the wall all the
way along, some with megaphones,
others with [illegible] Shetland
tied up in white bags. Great was the

Excitement. For the Schools which were
still passing through the bay & all
the pilchard boats were in motion like
long black insects with rows of legs.
Our friend Mr. Harris called us to him
& showed us a certain faint purple
shadow, passing slowly outside the Rame
rocks. That was a shoal he said &
the boats were coming round to shoot
their seines over it. As they neared
the place the megaphones brayed
unintelligibly & the white globes were
waved frantically. Answering shouts
came from the boats. Finally we
saw that two boats had slotted & the
rowers were pulling up, handfuls of net
& dropping them over board. as they did
this they slowly separated, & made
the bellied line of the net spread out in a
circle between them; after this time
the shouts went on; for the men at
the heavers never — ceased

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Every movement; they alone could tell the exact direction of the flight. The net men then packed it. The wings with their various movements, with the low rustle. It was just possible for us now that all was then concentrated to the flight over the people watching it; it looked like one of those sudden ripples of shadow which pass across the sea like blushes.

The crowd was now gathering. I was walked from one flight to another vainly trying to interpret the hoarse Commands of the megaphones which were might, for all we understood of them, have been in Cornish. Hour. Hawin came running down again. after a while with the news that another school was sighted round the headland; the boats were got on the slip:

an intense excitement prevailed. The
school Warnings sounded the present was the
property apparently of the Corbi Bay
boats, which had hitherto remained at
anchor. They were now under
way, & the Hewers who denoted them
had clambered into the Rock within
Hewers House to make their directions
more possible. The boats came slowly
towards the Hoarfrost shadows which we
thought we could defeat beyond the
Carrack Rocks. As they neared it,
the big megaphones roared fiercely
like fog horns. A certain Dwarf in
particular had leapt to the rear as
was brandishing the white globes as
though they were dumb bells. The
boats began to drop the sea;
they had only completed the circle
when they saw an Storm of shots
broke from the Hewers House:
Longing as I was to see how the

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Shoved off

appeared to them that the a breeze would
of accompaniment monsoons; the school
was further to the westward, & stop as
faith would further the net. "To the
west-, west, west," roared the megaphone
the masked voices took up the word in
the agony of fear "west". But pickerel
boats are unwieldy things, & their
motion was slow. The Heaven could
actually see them stepping past the
mouth of the net. Coast in safety make
of thousand pounds as was afterwards
learnt, was floating out of their reach
no wonder that the excitement was
painful. The net finally enclosed
a small portion of the school, & the
rest fell a prey to the usual boats.
Four or five were more than a
one thought it unwise to take a
boat to the mouth of the net, which
had been slowly drawn close in

Steam. We therefore walked round to the harbour & were rowed out to the spot. When we came near we saw the spots of water flickering over the surface. Deep the Swallows blood was quite deep & unmistakable purple; the spots of water were flickering over the surface, & the silver fish kept out of the way. For a while We took up our places by the Row of Corks & waited; after a time the Emptying Pilchard boats with their baskets drew up. In the seine boats let down a smaller net, called the Tucking net in the Centre of the Large one; So that all the fish were gathered in a small compass. Now while the boats made a Circle round the outer net, & the Tucking boats from the Seine boats from the Centre held the net gradually drew it up. The Sea whether was alive with fish

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It was packed with
creeds of all kinds, gleaming yellow & purple
leaping in the air, lashing their tails,
sending up showers of scales.
When the baskets were lowered &
the fishes were scrambling & flung
into the boats, it was a sight
unlike any one has seen elsewhere,
heavenly to be described or believed.
The fishermen shouted & the fish splashed
& ~~leaped~~ leaped & were pulled & tugged
& plunged into the babbling mass
again. Again & again. Nobody seemed to
know the quantities. The little boats
took their fish & fish & they sliced;
the fishermen too stopped to help the
unloaders with fish; the vacant ~~shanties~~. Her ~~two~~ ingleside

Thence seems [illegible] The Bay brought
[illegible] Dawn [illegible]. Cannes [illegible]
in [illegible] Monday. The ocean [illegible]
[illegible] the mind [illegible].

The Lonely Land.

—

We make Expeditions, it seems to me, more
for the sake of the going & the coming & the
delicious meal in the open air, than because
there is any special sight of beauty to be
found in the spot where we pitch our resting place
I have found, on my walks but a dozen
places of as I think to which one might
fitly go on pilgrimages, but they are sudden
unexpected, secret: no one, perhaps with step that
way for week, or will see precisely what I saw
for months, or even years. These are the
sights which surprise the solitary walker —
longer in the memory. ~~He rejoices~~
So, as there little ~~visions~~ are not to be
stored at with by any combination of steps &
known ~~if~~ it is safer to fix upon certain
Recognised Spots & to make them the goal
of any Expedition you choose to undertake.
~~Such a place is the~~ Such a

goal is the Lands End, where the imagination at any rate is infallibly impressed, & one is tolerably sure to find more substantial beauties for the eye. Unfortunately, the pitch of green turf, with the craggy rocks on it, the ~~lighthouse~~ Cliffs, & the romantic line of Coast are the property nowadays of a hundred eyes: every ten minutes or so a lumbering ~~Car~~ trake, or a dusty motor car deposits its load of sightseers upon this last little ~~promontory of English land.~~ promontory. Sketch of land.

But though the ~~Eye~~ sight is thus made hideous, the land all round is still lovely & very beautiful. On the ~~rim~~ verge of the horizon the Eye may see a Soma rock shaped shadow ~~being shaped like rocks~~ as to which when the sun sank & made it golden we gave the name of the Fortunate Isles. When Cornwall was child in the shade, there was bright daylight over there — perhaps perpetual afternoon: —

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St. Borgans is the landmark for miles.
a perfectly unornamented square church tower
rising with some suddenness from a stretch of
singularly bare country. There was a Cornish
cross, somewhat mutilated in the graveyard,
but when we tried to enter the church we
found the door locked, & no one to give us
the key; the only creature about the place
was a stone mason, who could be heard chipping
a fresh name at the base of some old
tombstone.

Today, Sept. 14th, we were forced to take
our lunch a our backs, & set off at midday
to Castle Dinas, some five & ½ miles distant.
Lovely are these autumn days on the heath;
the gorse is still of a ~~silky yellow~~ as smooth
as silk, & the air ~~laden~~ fragrant, I
had almost said, regretful, as though there were
some tinge of melancholy in its softness. Sweetness.
As the months are counted Experiments
for ~~these~~ cut of which from the perfect September is made.

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It is not unpleasant to leave the sea, + strike inland. The eye, tires of the unstable waters. The ~~little~~ dun is a certain austere dignity among these hills. Although they are not actually beautiful. We were almost at the top of the Castle hill when we bethought us that we needed water. We knocked at a farm door; it was locked, the windows were shut; we could hear no one. At the next farm was deserted too. Some rats some kittens were playing on the flags. There was nothing for it but to descend the hill once more to a distant farm where a man was working in a corn ~~rick~~ stack. We entered the little cobble paved garden + found the farmer washing potatoes in a saucepan; a large boned benevolent man, more kindly than shrewd. ~~Water~~ He would slowly give us water; + his wife came out of the farmhouse on hearing speech. She was the ~~door~~ one of the two, pale, with dark eyes, which + looked at us doubtfully at

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first. We were invited to sit in the house while water was fetched from the well.
These little visits to the country people in their lonely farms are always the a pleasant part of an expedition. I like to pop in to talk with the old people, & to see the kind surroundings which they have made for themselves. The kitchen, ~~living room~~ in these farms, is always a large low room dark with its thick rafters, & ah the ~~the~~ family possessions are displayed on the mantel piece or on the walls. Above the great fire place hung 'my Grandfathers sword', it was a hundred years old & an old curiosity dealer had offered to buy it some days before. A. took it down & flourished it, like the dragoon who had wielded it once, & the former stood in the door & chuckled. An ~~curious~~ old blue pot was brought out from its safe recess for our inspection; which, ~~was~~ had ~~some inferior Continental for~~ was called a "puzzle jar" because though full of holes, there was set a fabric up the handle which

would carry ~~convey~~ the water to four ladies safely.
Meanwhile the woman stood watching us,
not unfriendly, but still with some doubtful
hesitation in her gaze. And yet nothing
could be more hospitable & courteous than
their treatment of these four strangers;
they brought the water, lifted down cups from
the shelf & packed them in it a basket.
& ~~sent~~ let us go on our way with ~~perfect trust in our~~
confidence as though they had but fulfilled
the simplest of duties. So perhaps they
had; but it is refreshing to find people
who are sensitive still recognise these to such
instincts. commands. That is the great
charm of the country people here; perhaps
from their contact with wholesome earth &
air they preserve these natural instincts
unchanged towards their kind are perfectly
frank & trustful. ~~In fact also,~~
~~they seem to have kept a certain~~
~~grace~~ a sincerity to all they say & do
which seems marked with a certain sincerity.

Castle Dinas is ruins, though our
best Castle, is but a fragment, a ruined

gateway, perhaps, in which has some served as a stable for cattle. The hill on which it stands is scarred in the usual way with ~~ancient ramparts~~ Ditches & ramparts, upon which the turf is smoother & greener than elsewhere. There are the usual blocks of stone tumbled & half buried in the copse, which once stood high in the air; & from the ~~ruins~~ we beheld the same sea & the same hills upon which ~~we have always stood~~ ~~fully in the autumn morning sun~~. This vanished tower looked castle and which may be once a tower & perhaps held in sway. Far away we could see the glittering line of the Atlantic as it nears the Lands End.

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It is a great interesting thing in this little lodging house that we look on the sea from all the larger windows. When I wake in the morning ~~I look to~~ I ~~turn my eyes~~ discover first what new ships have come in to the bay, & all day long ~~there~~ their silent voyages are coming & going, alighting like some travelling birds for a moment, & then ~~leaving~~ shaking out their sails again & passing into ~~strange waters~~. & passing on to new waters. Where do they come from, & whether are they bound? A ship moves in mysterious ways. ~~Most beautiful of all are the~~ In the morning we see the luggers starting for their fishing grounds, ~~in the~~ & late in the afternoon they come sailing back on the wind, ~~swooping~~ & almost to the ~~same spot in they~~ like so many birds swooping on their prey. Most beautiful of all are the great sailing ships, ~~which float with all their~~ which ply up & down the channel.

At the sea, especially perhaps this distant Cornish
sea, people seem to strip themselves of
some of the integuments in which they wrap
themselves where the criticism of eye is
to be dreaded. We seem to have come to
a common agreement here not to wear
stockings at our heads & hands; to accept
hair flying, & bathing towels to be wrapped
round the neck in the wind as the usual simple & natural
things. This unconventionality of dress is
reflected in the tanned faces, & the
~~vigorous~~ free stride of the legs. We are all
consciously taking holiday & running free wild
in the open air. The results are sometimes
a little crude, perhaps: ladies, strong minded & mad to
a good, conceive themselves still under this fresh air as they
~~free to bathe~~ in their first youth - robustly
~~sensible to free~~ again; shorten hair & skirts
throw aside their bonnets & ~~run~~ don caps
as they walk, peep consciously, almost defiantly
as ~~we should say~~ - as though they asserted
a right which some mild flouts & taunts would

deny them.

But the ~~mott~~ high tide of the summer holiday is over, & the blatant holiday maker has already lost his sunburnt skin in some city flat. The remnant are more sedate; they detect an autumnal flavour in the breeze, & huddle together in cloaks & fur jackets.

~~A calm day even like today finds~~ ~~in thick cloaks & fur jackets fortify themselves with thick garments against the outer air.~~

August has a certain fiery & sultry quality of her own. Which fades before her last days are over. September has mellowed the month. There was roughness in her heat: the days are more perfect, but less vigorous. The summer in fact is on the wane; peacefully ~~fading~~ sinking like some sun shot evening sky, with a low, ample light in which the intense radiance of the sunset has been diffused & amplified, but has lost its ~~the colours of the sunset are everywhere~~. brilliant spot of light. The colours of the sunset are everywhere.

When the sun sets you may see from
this window little sparks of light scattered
among the sandhills where you ~~can see no~~
no houses themselves are visible; the
windows are then surrounded by the sun.

Here it is a mistake to keep rigidly to the coast, strike inland, & cross the hills. a
[illegible] for with ~~[illegible]~~ that board cross
ribbon of sea, beneath you, ships set like
toys about it. The land ~~runs down~~
~~plunges down into the sea in folds~~
has been draped in all kind of strange folds
at the edge, so that instead of a sheer cliff you
find beautiful little valleys, with their triangular
beaches at the bottom of them. Here we
spread our tea, & that finished, walk home
again in the dark. Last night it was
dusk when we started, but we had to stand
for a long while at the [illegible] coast which
Pernambuco head & then the misty shapes backs beyond,
through which suddenly burnt then flashed
flare of the St Juest lighthouse. It was
late then when we turned back, & we
resolved to keep safer upon the road. Before
that could be reached we had to fight
our way through a forest of ferns which
locked over our legs together & trying face to face

knees. The road when we reached it had
was
~~even beneath our feet~~, but of a vague white mist
upon which our feet struck hard. Even to our
surprise. As figure stalking a head,
was blurred & without outline, at a
hundred yards distance we had to lend our
voices out after him to make sure of this
that we had not lost him. In this
mystification we too left the road &
& stepped into a vast trackless country,
without mark or boundary. Before us
~~great~~ dozens of lights were scattered,
floating
but lit ~~seemed~~ in soft depths of darkness
without anchorage in the firm ground.
At last on unswervingly, clearing aside the
mists as though the road lay light before him.
Once in this strange pilgrimage we groped our
way through a farm yard, where the shapes
of dim cattle loomed huger, & a great lantern
swung a unsteady disk of light across our ~~figs~~ faces.
The voice of the farmer bidding us good night
recalled us for a moment to the cheerful land of

substance, but our path lay on into the darkness again. We stumbled across field which swam in dusky vapours. We struck the road, suddenly a faint light shone & passed & faded in front of us, & a cart wheel crunched the ground as though just beyond its approach sound had been muffled in the night. Now we had come to the lights in the valley, & we passed lighted windows, scarcely able to eradicate a gaol of the blackness that pressed on them, & could just discover long black figures leaning against the walls quiescent. Night was weighing heavily on this little village; all was silent though not asleep. Then we went on, up to the top of a hill, & again beneath us we saw those great swarms of clustering lights which cluster sprung up in the dark clustering where by day there is nothing. And so once more we found the road again, & the familiar lamps of home. How short how narrow were those walls, how tiny the intense that light after the infinite

the vague ~~infinity~~ minuteity of the regal air.
We were ~~felt~~ like ~~winged~~ creatures caught or
Gently winged that have been
caged.

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For three days, at least be confessed, we have fallen under the tyranny of Cards. No one can resist the neat packs waiting there on the round table, with the chairs drawn ~~in~~ up invitingly. At first we hesitate & ~~talk~~ talk with our desire; shuffle the cards aimlessly or though the actions were some merely idle movement of the fingers, for which the brain was not responsible. Then perhaps we deal out one hand. Three; glance at the numbers displayed, comment audibly; how strange, ~~how~~ what luck we are playing. Chance sent an ~~unexpected~~ audience; a ~~private game between~~ two ~~is agreed upon~~, stealthily, in case a second pack must be broached, ~~not that~~ ~~he would feel a surprise~~ We are going to play; ~~but~~ then some one in the next room detects us, & shouts derision; "Cards after breakfast!" "Cards!" Echo several, springing suddenly into life at the sound of this magic word; & all further pretence is dropped. ~~A game~~.

With the chairs are drawn close with alacrity.
The room is noisy at once; all talk together;
the cards fall in a dropping shower; at
length the table is ready & the order to start is
given. ~~Then~~ ~~[illegible]~~
Each table heads are bent close to the
board; eyes ~~wander~~ circle feverishly; hands deal
out three packs three by three, turn, & begin
again. Aces fall out in to space in
the middle; then the fiery quickens.
You must dab your two on to the ace
before your neighbour has done scratching
the table cloth, & then back again in an
instant & on with the next. ~~Accidents~~;
~~but~~ Some Collision occur at this period
~~that~~ three twos right over the portentous
ace, & all strange thought it may seem,
get there first. Meanwhile ~~some one~~
the steady swift dab dab dab in the
corner warns the disputants that some one is
running his cards off by the score. We
all fly back to our packs, the paralysed

at the thought that we are missing chances.
At the Sad Study, a few verses of a 'poem' which
will dispose of at least four, with luck,
a fell of "Stop" puts an end to all
our schemes. The card must be
counted & it is lucky if the Hen
Invalids work be not left for some Vis
& seven pairs less than you were at
starting.
Hope reviving with the
freshly shuffled Invalids although from the
stranger fact is that every new pack is
without Exception the worst that the player
has ever seen. Kings, Queens, & Knaves, the
whole royal family, sit resolutely at the
top; only the most supreme skill will be
able to do anything with a Invalid
like this. When each player has
delivered himself of these pre necessary
formulas & observations, the & the word Signal
is given again, & the old process is repeated.
I will shall not trouble myself to describe it
again; although I will willingly act the whole
thing a score of times.

Certain circumstances have made it me
write here less frequently than I meant.
so that it comes to pass that the I write
these words when the eve of our return.
the lights of London will be round me at
this time of evening tomorrow as the lighthouse gleams now.
That is a thought which comes with real
melancholy, for, besides the actual beauty
of this country, to part with it is to
part with something which we knew long
ago, & may not see again for years.
I wish that I had seen more of it
while I might. There is in truth, as I
thought once in fancy something of our own
preserved here from which it is painful to
part. Or is it possible that one has
come to that time of life when partings are more
decisive & meetings less pleasurable? On the
whole I prefer to think that there is good
reason to ~~regret the fact~~ regret this the deposition
than there.